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Thursday May 1

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO IN A discussion of low temperatures in the Northwest I quoted a letter from A. M. O'Connor, of St. Thomas, in which the writer said that on one occasion he has seen the temperature 60 below zero in Grand Forks. That was before official records of temperature were kept at Grand Forks, and the only thermometers in use here at that time were the ordinary street thermometers. These, of course, are known to vary widely. The subject interested Professor Howard Simpson, meteorological observer at the University of North Dakota, from whom I have received the following letter:

"REFERRING TO YOUR REFERENCE some time since in 'That Reminds Me' to the letter of Mr. A. M. O'Connor of St. Thomas stating that he saw it 60 below in Grand Forks on December 24, 1879, I am always greatly interested in Grand Forks weather records and knowing that the lowest minimum temperature recorded on this station of the U. S. Weather Bureau since its establishment at the University in 1891 is 44 degrees below zero on February 1, 1893, and knowing also that on that morning thermometers about the city were reported to have indicated in some instances as low as 62 degrees below zero, I decided to investigate to see if possibly we might have a new minimum record here for Grand Forks. The records of several stations in this vicinity were begun previous to 1879 and from these I find that the temperature on the morning of December 24, 1879, at nearby stations was as follows:

Bismarck	—38
Fort Pembina	—48
Fort Totten	—51
Moorhead, Minnesota ...	—40

"The records of these stations also show that the morning of the 24th was the coldest of the month of December in 1879 in this region.

THE WEATHER BUREAU HAS no standard method of computing minimum temperatures by interpolation where they have not been observed, but after looking over the past years it is believed that an average of the Moorhead and Pembina temperatures would result in a good estimate for Grand Forks. (O. W. Roberts, Meteorologist, U. S. Weather Bureau, Bismarck). Since Fort Pembina minimum was —48 degrees and Moorhead minimum was —40 degrees the average of the two would be —44 degrees the same as the lowest known temperature recorded on February 1, 1893.

"Since cold waves move eastward and the minimum temperatures at Fort Pembina and Moorhead were higher on Christmas morning 1879 than on the morning preceding, we may not use the Fort Totten reading in our average with Pembina and Moorhead. It is a fair conclusion, therefore, that December 24, 1879, was one of the coldest, probably one of the two coldest days at Grand Forks during historic times, and that the lowest temperature ever known here is probably —44 degrees as indicated by standard instruments."

MR. O'CONNOR HAD EVIDENTLY read a street thermometer which registered too low. In the absence of official records there is no way of determining what the exact temperature was, but the method employed by Professor Simpson of comparing the recorded temperatures on that day at stations where records were kept seems reasonable. Apparently the mark of 44 below zero remains the minimum, although it may have been equaled on the day mentioned by Mr. O'Connor.

A STRAY PRESS DISPATCH from Chicago tells of the loss which that city is suffering through not having all its water metered. The metering of water is an old story in Grand Forks, but there was a time when there were no meters in the city. Water was supplied at flat rates. One paid a stated sum per month for a certain service and used as much water as he

pleased. The rate for one kitchen faucet was 75 cents a month. The rate for the ordinary bathroom equipment was, I think, \$2.60 a month. There was enormous waste of water. Leaks went unnoticed. In poorly built houses it was quite customary to permit the water to run all the time in order to avoid freezing. In summer lawns were flooded and the excess water often filled the ditches.

THE INSTALLATION OF THE filter increased the cost of supplying water, and the council agreed that meters must be installed. An ordinance was drawn requiring all users of water to install meters by a given date and fixing rates for service. The council was unanimously in favor of meters, although there were strenuous objections by some members of the general public. But on the question of rates there was no agreement. Every alderman had a different notion as to what the rates should be, and at meeting after meeting the subject was threshed over with no result. It was Alderman R. M. Carothers who cut the Gordian knot. He was chairman of the ordinance committee, and he had struggled hard to get the ordinance passed. At one meeting, after the members had worked themselves to a frazzle disputing over rates there was a recess to enable them to catch their breath. Alderman Carothers went into conference, and when the council was called to order he presented a new ordinance providing simply that meters should be installed by a given date but making no mention of rates. There was no objection. The ordinance passed its first reading and was finally passed at the next meeting. The council then discovered that while it was definitely committed to meters, and meters were actually being installed, it had made no provision for rates. Something had to be done, and done promptly. There had to be an agreement on rates, and an agreement was reached in short order.

If Carothers had not split that ordinance we might have been de-

bating about meter rates yet. The installation of meters cut down the consumption of water just about 50 per cent. In other words, it saved the city just about that much pure waste.

—W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

I HAVE JUST HAD A CHATTY letter from Alf Eastgate of Larimore, who touches on some things heretofore mentioned in this column. Mr. Eastgate is one of the old residents of the state, and he has a lot of data concerning the early days which I hope to obtain from him at his convenience. In the current letter he refers to a letter written some time ago by William Smith, now of Saskatchewan, saying:

* * *

THE STAGE STATION BUILT by Mr. Smith, father of Will, Warren and Frank, at Stump lake, was used many times by me as a camping place before I made Stump Lake my home. I have a picture of the old station taken in the spring of 1892 when I used it as headquarters for three weeks while doing some biological survey work. You can tell Will that if he comes to the Old Settlers' picnic this summer I will be glad to show him the place where the house used to stand, and also to go over the old trails as far as fields and fences will allow.

"The land where the Old Settlers' park is situated is the place where Will Smith and a halfbreed camped for three days in a blizzard. At that time Don McDonald, who was postmaster at Grand Forks, had sent Will out to find his brother Warren Smith, whose business it was to carry the mail to Fort Totten. Weather conditions were such that Warren had not been heard from in weeks, and a big pile of mail was accumulating.

* * *

"AT ANOTHER TIME YOU asked about snow geese. (I called them brant.) I find from my records that on April 2, 1927, I saw two flocks of snow geese at Spirit-

wood lake, and estimated 500 birds in each flock. On April 3 a flock of 500 swan appeared at Spiritwood, having arrived during the night. They left soon after sunrise. April 15, saw a flock of snow geese estimated at 1,000 as they were in sight for 25 minutes in a steady stream. March 31, 1928, saw 300 snow geese, and on April 16, 800. That year the game board sent two wardens to Oakes vicinity to keep hunters from shooting geese. One of the wardens told me there were tens of thousands just waiting until the weather was good farther north. They remained in the neighborhood for several weeks. I was not there in 1929, so have no data for that year, but on April 9 of this year we saw 100 snow geese pass over Larimore, so they are not all gone yet.

* * *

"YOUR MENTION OF THE storm of March, 1892, brought back some very distinct recollections to me. I was one of those who spent the night in the Metropolitan theater. I was working in the fly gallery when the storm struck, and thought the whole scene tower would go, as my place was about 20 feet above the stage and got the full benefit of the gale."

* * *

A WEEK OR TWO BEFORE his death Dr. Wheeler dropped in to my office to talk old-time baseball. He mentioned two games which must have been highly interesting, and concerning which he promised me further data. Unfortunately that promise cannot now be kept. Perhaps some reader can supply further information.

One game, of unknown date, was played at Edinburgh, N. D., and it took all day to play it. The score, as the doctor remembered it, was 118 to 135, which sounds like a cricket score rather than a baseball score.

The other game was played between the fats and the leans in Grand Forks something like 30 years ago. The combined weight of the fats was 2,460 pounds, and of the leans 1,500 pounds. Leslie Platt pitched and Dr. Wheeler caught for the fats. Some of the other fats were William Budge, James Ryan, Bert Haney, Tom Burns and Newt Porter. I have no roster of the leans.

The fats won the game, score unknown, and this result was attri-

buted to the umpiring of Captain Griggs, who decided all questions in favor of the fats and paid no attention to the remonstrances of the leans.

If anyone has further information about these two games he will please produce it.

—W. P. DAVIES.

Saturday May 3

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

THIS IS THE SEASON FOR dandelion greens, and when the lady of the house is seen in some out-of-the-way corner with a butcher knife and a dishpan it may be assumed that she is gathering material for a meal and rather than trying to destroy a troublesome weed. Somebody has said that a weed is a plant in the wrong place, and as the dandelion is usually unwelcome in any place it may properly be classified as a weed. It is a fact, however, that dandelion seed is offered for sale by some of the seed houses, and presumably there are persons who buy it.

I DO NOT KNOW WHETHER the dandelion is of American or old-world origin, but it is well known that there were no dandelions in the northwest until people brought them here. Probably many localities were seeded by accident, seed having been carried in shipments of hay, grain or other material from the east. In other localities the dandelion was brought deliberately because its pretty yellow blossom reminded some one of the old home. Whether the late J. H. Bosard was or was not responsible for the appearance of dandelions in Grand Forks, his friends insisted that this was true. They said that he brought seed from the east and planted it so as to have a supply of greens and to enjoy the cheerful glow of its blossoms. When Mr. Bosard's friends wished to annoy him they referred to these plants as "Bosards," which always brought an appropriate reply.

THE DANDELION WAS A familiar plant in my boyhood in the east, and everyone with whom I have talked on the subject was

familiar with it in the east, but as a rule it appears not to have been considered the nuisance there that it has become here. This may have been because fewer people were interested in lawns, and if dandelions invaded pastures and occupied fence corners, nobody cared much about it. Children found entertainment in blowing off the snowy heads to the accompaniment of various charms, in making squakers of the stems, and in working the stems into chains. And always there was the use of the leaves for greens in the early spring and of the roots in medicinal decoctions. The blooms, I am told, are frequently used on the domestic manufacture of wine, but on this phase of the subject I have no first-hand information.

SOME THIRTY YEARS AGO the Grand Forks city council undertook to legislate the dandelion out of existence by passing an ordinance requiring all persons to prevent their dandelions from going to seed. I suppose that ordinance is still on the books, and if it is the whole population might be fined or jailed any year for violating it, for everybody permits dandelions to go to seed.

AN EFFORT TO RID THE city of dandelions resulted in an interesting experience for a small army of boys and girls and several grown people. It was while the late A. L. Woods was secretary of the Commercial club. In addition to being an excellent citizen Mr. Woods was a garden enthusiast and a lover of natural outdoor beauty. He saw lawns being ruined by dandelions, and he thought it would be a good idea to interest the boys and girls of the city in their destruction. He persuaded the Commercial club to appropriate \$50 to be paid for the destruction of dandelions. Notices were published to the effect that this sum would be paid for all the dandelions delivered on a certain afternoon at a scale set up on a vacant spot just off Kittson avenue where the Great Northern crane is now placed. Payment was to be in proportion to the number of pounds of dandelions delivered.

THE TIME FIXED FOR DELIVERY was 2 P. M. on a hot summer afternoon. The scales were set up with Mr. Woods in charge

and with two or three assistants to keep things moving. Children began to arrive with dandelions. They brought them in baskets, in little wagons, in baby carriages, but chiefly in gunny sacks. The youngsters came by dozens and hundreds, and the committee in charge sent out a call for help. Some of the policemen and a couple of foremen were detailed to help with the weighing. In an unguarded moment I had volunteered to help. So had Charlie Allen. We weighed dandelions as fast as we could all that afternoon, issuing weight slips for each delivery, until we had tons and tons of the stuff. Dirt from the roots and leaves mingled with the perspiration that drenched us, and when the day was over there was a thoroughly wrecked and disreputably dirty committee and a perfect mountain of dandelions, some of which had already begun to ferment.

THE REAL TRAGEDY, HOWEVER, was next day when the youngsters presented themselves at Mr. Woods' office for their pay. The trouble was that there was only \$50 and it had to be divided among millions of pounds of dandelions, and children who had lugged hundreds of pounds of dandelions to the scales and had expected real pay for their labor found themselves entitled to two or three cents. For a time the Commercial club was a decidedly unpopular institution with the younger generation.

City teams were kept at work for days removing the immense pools of dandelions that had been accumulated. It did not seem possible that there could have been so many dandelions in the city. And within a few weeks the freshly dug earth from which the roots had been removed was nourishing a lusty crop of thrifty seedlings and the last state was worse than the first.—W. P. DAVIES.

Friday May 5

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

A FRIEND WHO READ THE dandelion article the other day complains that it is not constructive in that it fails to suggest methods of dealing with the dandelion pest. I plead guilty. My excuse is that I have no certain remedy. Some suggestions which have come from various sources appear to have some value, however, and they may be helpful.

* * *

AS A RULE THE MERE DIGGING of dandelions is of no value. The plants that are dug are destroyed, but the disturbed earth furnishes an ideal bed for the seed which is floating around during the first of the summer, and it will usually be found that where the earth is disturbed in this manner and left without further treatment a score of little seedlings will presently be found spring up in the space from which the one large plant was removed. What appears to be sound practice is to keep available for immediate use a mixture of dry earth and good lawn grass seed, and whenever the earth in any part of the lawn is disturbed for any purpose to sprinkle over the spot a handful of this mixture, make it firm and wet it down. The grass seedlings will get at least an even start with the dandelion seedlings, and may choke them out.

* * *

I BELIEVE IT TO BE GOOD practice to start a lawn in the late summer rather than in the spring. Force of circumstances prevented me from doing this in proper form last fall, but my intentions were good. The dandelion seems to have two general seeding seasons. Of course there is some seed afloat all summer long, but there appears to be a wave of seeding late in May and early in June, and another in July or early August. If lawn grass is sown soon after this sec-

ond main wave the grass, if properly cared for, will get a good start before the season closes and will come through the winter in good shape. The lawns start the spring with at least the beginnings of a sod, and by the time dandelion seed is flying it will be difficult for it to find a good seed bed. The little seeds are caught by the grass and are apt to sprout during showery weather and die under the hot sun without being able to take root.

* * *

IT HAS BEEN SAID RECENTLY that good results may be obtained by applying to the lawn a chemical which changes the acidity of the soil in such a way as to stimulate the growth of grass and discourage dandelions. I have no experience with this treatment, but the seed houses should be able to furnish reliable information on the subject if there is any such information.

I think the authorities are agreed that liberal fertilization is the best safeguard against the dandelion pest in the long run. Lawn grass requires rich soil. Dandelions will thrive in very poor soil. If the soil is kept in the best possible condition for grass and care is taken that there are no bare spots where dandelion seedlings may take root, one may expect at least to reduce dandelion troubles to the minimum.

* * *

I HAVE JUST LEARNED OF a form of spinning wheel which is entirely new to me. I mentioned the other day the low wheel which is still in quite common use in the northwest and the high wheel which was once common in sections of the east, but which seems to have disappeared. Dr. G. E. Hodge tells me of a wheel which he saw when a boy in northern Missouri which was still different. The operator sat at her work and propelled the machine by foot power, but the spinning was done by a little spindle which traveled back and forth on a track about twelve feet long, spinning the thread as it moved in one direction and winding up on the return trip. This seems like the beginning of the mechanical spinners which are used in the factories, and which have scores of spindles in each bank. Dr. Hodge says he never saw but one machine of this kind, and it was operated in a

farm home. His mother was a spinner, and also a weaver, and one of her products was the winery cloth made of a combination of wool and flax.

* * *

I HAVE A VERY INTERESTING letter from Dr. J. G. Arneberg, who has spent the winter in Europe, and who writes entertainingly of a journey through Greece and into Egypt. He tells of his impressions of Athens, Alexandria, Cairo, and the fertile fields of the Nile valley. The letter will be published in an early issue of The Herald—W. P. DAVIES.

Tuesday May 6

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

THERE IS BEFORE CONGRESS a proposal to permit the handling of liquor at the port of St. Thomas, Virgin Islands. At present the port, as well as all the territory included in those islands, is under the operation of the prohibition law. It is proposed to modify this to the extent of permitting the receipt and storage of liquors at St. Thomas and their sale to ships touching at that port. Just how the Virgin islands can be excluded from the operation of the 18th amendment is for the courts to say. It is a fact that while the Philippines and the Panama Canal zone are under the sovereignty of the United States, the prohibition law does not extend to them. Perhaps congress has authority to exclude the Virgin islands if it chooses to do so.

I NEVER PAID MUCH ATTENTION to the Virgin islands until I actually visited them a few years ago, and there I gained the impression that their inhabitants had a valid grievance against the United States, an impression which was at that time quite prevalent among their people.

There are three islands in the group, St. Thomas, St. John and St. Croix. St. Thomas is bluff and rocky and has little land suited for agriculture. St. John, quite close by is smaller and quite similar in character. St. Croix, perhaps 50 miles away, is low and gently rolling, and is the agricultural member of the group, producing tropical fruits and sugar in abundance. The city of St. Thomas, formerly known as Charlotte Amalie, occupies a beautiful site on three mountain sides which slope down to a splendid landlocked harbor. It was a favorite resort for pirates, and the ruins of some of the ancient strongholds of these gentry

are pointed out to visitors. It was formerly a thriving port, as it is on the direct highway from European and most North American ports to the West Indies in general. It was a port of call for shipping in the days of sail, and when steam came in St. Thomas was an important coaling station. This trade has fallen off because of the introduction of oil burners and because of another factor which will be mentioned later.

THE ISLANDS HAVE BEEN alternately Spanish, French, British, Dutch, Danish and American, and Germany had her eye on them for years. After negotiations extending over many years we purchased them from Denmark in 1917 for \$25,000,000. The white population is mostly of British or Danish extraction and English is spoken almost exclusively by both whites and blacks.

The proposal for a change from Danish to American sovereignty was submitted to a vote of the inhabitants and it was almost unanimously approved. The people believed that the change would be decidedly beneficial to them and their feeling toward this country was exceedingly cordial.

PROHIBITION HAD NOT ENTERED into their calculations, but prohibition influenced them profoundly. The principal product of the islands is sugar. Cane is grown in the fields of St. Croix and manufactured there in three large "centrals," which have supplanted the ancient windmill plants which still stand on many eminences. An important by-product of sugar manufacture in that territory has been rum, and this was shipped in large quantities from St. Thomas. Prohibition put an end to that and deprived the local sugar industry of one of its important sources of revenue. Thus, instead of having their diminishing trade revived by the new American connection, the inhabitants found themselves in worse condition than ever.

THE AMERICAN CONNECTION, so gladly assumed, was very much less popular than it had been, and I found among the business men of St. Thomas and the planters of St. Croix as well a very pronounced feeling that they had not been quite fairly treated. At that time, six years ago, efforts

were being made to market the alcoholic content of the sugar waste in other forms than potable liquor. Bay rum was one of the substitutes with which experiments were being made. Bay leaves gathered on St. John and spirits from St. Croix were mingled and treated in the required manner and the product was shipped from St. Thomas whenever sales could be made. There were some hopes that a profitable trade could thus be built up, but a new industry had to be created, and entrance forces into highly competitive markets. Altogether the outlook was not encouraging.

I HAVE FELT THAT WE owed those people more than we have given them. A change of which they had no notice and in the making of which they had no voice was forced upon them and it changed their entire economic situation, temporarily, at least, for the worse. If it is not possible to restore to them the industry to which they and their forefathers had been accustomed, they are surely entitled to concessions in some other direction which will make up their loss at least in part.

—W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

I HAD A VERY PLEASANT visit the other day with George E. Bachelder, of Santa Barbara, Cal. Mr. Bachelder was a resident of Grand Forks during late territorial and early statehood days when he was an active member of the young firm of E. H. Rollins & Son, investment bankers. The firm has since become one of the leading investment firms of the United States, and Mr. Bachelder was active in its management until his retirement from the strenuous life a few years ago.

* * *

DURING HIS ENTIRE LIFE Mr. Bachelder has been interested in the theater, and it was due to his interest that the Metropolitan theater in Grand Forks was built. Grand Forks was not much to look at in those days, and there were not many people here, perhaps 3,000, but the young man from the east felt sure that one of the great needs of the place was a real theatre building. He talked it over with other young and progressive men and succeeded in interesting them in his plan. A company was organized with S. S. Titus president, George B. Winship, vice president, Burke Corbet, secretary, George E. Bachelder, treasurer, and E. J. Lander and John Birkholz, directors, and this company tackled the job of building a theatre in a frontier prairie town.

* * *

THE PURPOSE OF THIS writing is not to detail the history of the Metropolitan but chiefly to make public a story which the chief actor in the episode failed to include in his published reminiscences. George Broadhurst, the son of a country preacher in England, had come to America to seek his fortune, had spent a short time in New York, had served as messenger and clerk in a Chicago stock broker's office, and when the

Grand Forks theatre was built he was managing a small theatre in Minneapolis. Mr. Bachelder had met the young Englishman and liked him, and shortly before the opening of the theatre he asked Broadhurst to come and take the management of the Metropolitan. "We need help," he said. "Why are you in such need for help?" asked Broadhurst. "We've just engaged Emma Abbott and her company to open the house," was the reply, "and we want you to come and take charge."

* * *

THE AUDACITY OF SUCH A performance shocked Broadhurst, who insisted that the thing couldn't be done, but the sporting instinct in him was strong, and Mr. Bachelder says he thinks Broadhurst thought it would be an interesting experience to be on the ground when the thing blew up, so he accepted the invitation. In a reminiscent article published a year or two ago Mr. Broadhurst told of the opening of the Grand Forks theatre, but he neglected to tell his readers how he arrived in Grand Forks. It is possible now to supply that omission.

* * *

YOUNG BROADHURST WAS very English, and even with a limited wardrobe he was a natty dresser. On his journey from Minneapolis to Grand Forks he wore the regulation morning costume of cutaway coat, striped trousers, patent leather shoes and derby hat, a very becoming attire, but nothing with which to be caught out in a rain. And it rained cats and dogs that day. As the train steamed through the downpour Broadhurst improved his mind by reading a newspaper. The train stopped at Grand Forks, but Broadhurst had not heard the station called. He looked out and saw a shabby wooden depot, near where the Great Northern freight depot is now, and a few forlorn looking other buildings. Manifestly there could be no palatial theatre in such a place, and he resumed his reading. The train started and went on its way west. Somewhere west of the university the porter came through and was startled to see the passenger for Grand Forks still in his seat. "Why didn't you git off, boss?" he asked. "Oh, I'm going to Grand Forks," calmly replied the passenger. "But we done jest left Grand Forks," said the

porter. Broadhurst knew better, and said so. The porter insisted, but Broadhurst would accept nothing less than the assurance of the conductor. By the time that official had been found and verified the porter's statement the train was still farther away. It was stopped near the junction, and Broadhurst started back for town. The city had a hack, but there was no way of reaching it, and the only thing was to walk, which the young man did. He had neither raincoat nor umbrella. He tried to shelter his hat with his newspaper, but hat and paper were soon soaked. The roadbed had little ballast, and the patent leather shoes were soon filled with thin mud, and the rain came down in sheets.

* * *

MR. BACHELDER IN HIS OFFICE on Kittson avenue, expected his new manager that morning, but when train time passed, and enough minutes more to permit a passenger to come down from the station and nobody came he supposed that for some reason Broadhurst had decided to come by the evening train. As he sat at his desk with his back to the door he heard the door open and some one enter. Being busy for the moment with some writing he didn't look up at once until a high-pitched voice says "Mr. Bachelder." He looked up, and there stood Broadhurst looking like something that had been washed in from the alley, water streaming from every rag and forming a pool on the floor. "Great Scott, man," cried Mr. Bachelder. "Where have you been?" "I got carried by the station and had to walk in," said Broadhurst. "Didn't you have an umbrella?" "No. I had a newspaper, but it didn't do must good." The young man was dried and cleaned and pressed and started on his duties at once, but that's how George Broadhurst came to Grand Forks.

—W. P. DAVIES.

The Fiji islands produced 88,000 long tons of sugar in 1929.

Thursday May 8

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

A GRAND FORKS LADY WHO supplies her name for my information but asks that it be not published sends in the following:

* * *

'HAVE BEEN FOLLOWING with interest your articles about gardens and dogs and it reminded me of my first garden venture the first year we lived in Grand Forks. I had the foolish delusion that I could make our back yard as beautiful as the back yards where I once lived (New Orleans). The first thing that I discovered was that I could not have a fence however nice I might make it: The neighbors, thinking it a spite fence instead of a protection would resent it and destroy it. So I made my garden without the fence, and out in front of our store we placed a long nice looking bench for the use of those waiting for the car and we planned the place for the flowers around the bench.

* * *

THE VERY FIRST LITTLE green blades coming up were uprooted and thrown on the ground and so on for three successive years, not one thing was allowed to grow. Was it done by the numerous hungry hunting dogs which in those days begged for food (until their owners rounded them up for the hunting season)? No, by children; the first night that we forgot to bring in the bench when we closed it was broken in as many pieces as they could break it; by dogs? No, by children, and not very small children either.

"So the back yard is given over to the ash pile and the coal shed and a big sand box for all the neighborhood children who have no place to play but the street, and tired shoppers stand up and wait for the car.

* * *

"IF THOSE SAME CHILDREN were taught any respect for prop-

erty they could just as well have the yard and the flowers too. If you think that this is any dream ask for a questionnaire on the subject of which destroys the most gardens, dogs or untaught and ungoverned children. One mother told me with much glee right in the presence of her children how they destroyed an old 'crab' garden just as soon as things ripened because the old 'crab' would not let them play ball in her yard.

* * *

"ANOTHER THING THAT HAS always caused me much grief in this state is the way boys are given a gun the first thing in the spring. Take a walk through the woods across from our store any day when there is no school and see them picking off every thing in sight, birds, squirrels, any living thing. They will tell you with a wink, oh, we are only aiming at marks, but nearly every day I pick up little hurt birds, just disabled by sling shots or airguns, some more mercifully killed by bullets. Incidentally, I would never find them except for this 'pest' of a dog of ours who points them out."

* * *

I STARTED THE THING BY writing about dogs. The trail led off to delivery men and circular distributors, and now it has got around to children. Today's correspondent thinks that children should be taught respect for property. Most people will agree with that, at least in theory. Is not the fundamental wrong in the grievances which have been aired a disregard for the rights of other people. A dog runs at large because its owner does not care enough about the rights of his neighbors to see that the animal does not trespass on their property and injure things which they prize. The delivery man or peddler who muddies up the premises or scatters things around loosely has also failed to learn that the rights of people are to be respected. And children who commit such acts as are described on the above letter do so for exactly the same reason. Somehow there has been failure to train them properly. It all gets back to the one point.

* * *

SNOW WAS REPORTED IN several places in the Northwest, but until yesterday I heard of none in Grand Forks at this time. Dr. O'Brian tells me that at the Meth-

odist parsonage, where he lives, there was quite a perceptible sprinkling of snow on the ground on the morning of May 5. Being a preacher Dr. O'Brian is a truthful man, and it must be as he says.

* * *

THE WEATHER DURING THE past week or two has not been good for garden work. Presently the sun will shine and those who have gardens will be busy in them. The garden that is too small or too much fenced in to be plowed must be spaded, which is good exercise for a vigorous man with a strong back. After this moisture and warmth there will be a fine crop of angle worms, and the robins will follow closely the movements of the man with the spading fork. Robins become very tame at angle worm time, and will almost take their food out of one's hand. Digging is hard work, and in order to relieve its monotony I recommend a little investigation of the capacity of a robin for worms. In spading a garden I have counted the worms that one robin swallowed as they were exposed. I shall not give any figures, as my reputation for veracity would suffer, but to other people I recommend this little exercise. I think an ordinary robin can consume several times his own weight in worms and still ask for more.

—W. P. DAVIES.

Friday
May 9

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

AN UNKNOWN CORRESPONDENT sends me a copy of that excellent paper, the Christian Science Monitor, folded so as to expose a page devoted to progress in the humane treatment of animals. The page contains a number of articles, culled from all over the world, telling of acts in which dogs, horses, birds and other of the humbler animals showed intelligence and affection and demonstrated their usefulness to man. The center piece of the page is a picture of animals posed in attractive positions. I take it that the paper was sent to me as a rebuke for publication of articles on dogs running at large, and on the assumption that I do not like dogs.

* * *

ONE OF MY EARLIEST COMPANIONS and playfellows was old Spot, a brown and white spaniel several years older than myself. He was a dearly loved member of the family, and I wept bitter tears when age, deafness, blindness and other disabilities made it necessary to end his life. I have owned dogs, big and little, of many colors and varieties, and for all of them I have entertained real affection. But it never occurred to me that my dog should be permitted to annoy my neighbors, much less to destroy their property. I note that one of the pictures in the Christian Science Monitor is of a horse, a fine, intelligent looking animal. I take it that the owner of such a horse does not demonstrate his love for the animal by permitting it to roll on the neighbor's lawn or trample down his flowers.

* * *

MY LATEST DOG, AND PERHAPS my last, was a magnificent black and white animal, half St.

Bernard and half Newfoundland. He was a quiet, mannerly fellow, able and willing to pull a sled loaded with children, and he responded well to my efforts at training. He understood that he was expected to stick pretty close to his own yard, and usually he did so. But one morning at the office I received a telephone call of distress from home. A man from A. I. Hunter's brickyard south of the city had come in search of the dog that had raided the Hunter poultry yard and killed a lot of chickens and several turkeys. The disturbance had aroused some of the men just at dawn, and a big black and white dog had been seen leaving the premises. The man had been instructed to start hunting and to keep at it until he found that dog. He had learned that I owned such a dog, and had come to see. He found Carlo lying peacefully in his shed, with feathers about his mouth, and the mangled remains of a turkey by his side. No further evidence was needed.

* * *

THE MAN SAID MR. HUNTER was very angry, which I could well believe, and that he had threatened terrible things to the man who owned that dog when he should be discovered. Intending to go at once to the Hunter home and get it over I telephoned to find if Mr. Hunter were home. Mr. Hunter himself answered. Thinking that it might be safer to conduct the conversation at long range I explained what my call was about.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Hunter. "Some dog sort of ripped things up round here this morning. Was he yours?"

The evidence being all against me, I admitted ownership and apologized abjectly for the annoyance caused, and offered at least to pay for the property destroyed, although there was no way of compensating for the intangibles.

"Oh, I guess we'll all live through it," was the reply, "and we'll just call it square as it is. But don't let him do it again if you can help it."

* * *

THAT WAS ALL I COULD GET out of him, and I still owe Hunter for those chickens. My well-behaved dog had been deceiving me. He was not to be trusted, in spite

of his meek and pious demeanor, and I subjected him to the indignity of collar and chain, as I did not want the poultry experience repeated. Confinement made the dog cross and snappy, and I finally sold him to a farmer, who found him useful as a watch dog. In town, however, such a dog would have been an intolerable nuisance, and as it was not possible for me to keep him under proper conditions I had no business to keep him at all.

—W. P. DAVIES.

Saturday May 10

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

THE PORTO RICAN LEGISLATURE is providing for an import duty on coffee in order to protect the domestic coffee producer. Just what is the occasion for this duty and what its effect will be are mysteries. Coffee is one of Porto Rico's staple products, produced largely for export. Porto Rico's important exports constitute but a small list. The list includes coffee, sugar, and tobacco as field crops, and pineapples, bananas and citrus fruits of the orchard products. These, with a rather small quantity of dye woods constitute almost the entire list. I have not examined the statistical tables, but if Porto Rico imports any coffee it is certainly not because there is not enough coffee produced at home.

* * *

COFFEE IS PRODUCED IN Porto Rico on a considerable scale as a cultivated crop, but it is also produced in small quantities by individual peasants all over the island. Because of this it is known as the poor man's crop. In many cases the plants grow wild, and in others they have been planted around the primitive cabins and are carefully protected. Under this system of production coffee and bananas go together. The banana plant, of rapid growth, has great leaves a foot or more in width and I should say up to 20 feet long. Coffee does better in partial shade, and the banana plant provides just about the required protection from the direct rays of the sun, which in summer is directly overhead at noon.

* * *

THE COFFEE BERRIES, when harvested by the cottager from his own plants, are spread on large trays and left to cure in the sun. From time to time the mess is stirred with a wooden rake,

and this process is continued until most of the moisture has evaporated from the berry. The product is carried to town, frequently in small sacks on the heads of the natives, and at the market place it is graded, sorted and packed for shipment. I found the Porto Rican coffee heavy and bitter, which may have been due in part to the methods used in preparing it. I was told, however, that the variety usually grown there has certain peculiarities which do not generally appeal to the American palata and that the chief market for Porto Rican coffee is in France, where the peculiar flavor is better appreciated than it would be here.

* * *

I TAKE IT THAT THE COFFEE imported into Porto Rico is chiefly for the use of Americans, of whom there is a considerable population in the country. Those residents doubtless prefer coffee more like what mother used to make and, being unable to find it near by, bring it from abroad. Apparently the answer to that would be the introduction into the island of different varieties of coffee which would be more pleasing to American residents, and which should find a ready market in the United States.

* * *

THE CENSUS RETURNS ARE bringing to light the existence of a great many centenarians and when I read of them I am reminded of an old fellow who lived in Grand Forks many years ago, and who, if he told the truth at the beginning, must have been at least 120 years old at the time of his death. He was a negro, an ex-slave called Lou, and so far as I ever knew he had no other name. Like many others born in slavery he could only guess at his age, and he probably thought he was 100 long before he reached that age. He was an innocent, simple minded fellow, cheerful and accommodating, who made his living by doing odd jobs, and he gravitated at length to the position of porter in one of the East Grand Forks saloons. There he was assured of something to eat, something to drink, and a place in which to curl up and sleep, and he cared for little else.

* * *

LOU HAD ONE STANDING and incurable grievance. He and his brother, he said, had been born

in slavery, and at some time they had been sold at auction at the same sale. The brother was bid up to \$1,000, at which price he was sold. Lou himself was sold for only \$700. The old fellow resented that, for he said he was just as good a man as his brother and ought to have brought as much money.

* * *

LOU ENDED HIS DAYS AT the county farm at Arvilla, while Dick Fadden was superintendent of that institution. In order that the old fellow might think that he was useful Dick placed him in charge of the farm chickens and charged him to see that they were properly fed and cared for. Lou felt the importance of his position, but perhaps from some survival of the secretiveness of slave days, he thought it necessary to steal the grain with which to feed his charges. Dick humored him, and made it a point to have grain left where Lou could find it. With the spice of mischief which always characterized him, Dick would lie in wait around some corner and watch Lou furtively fill his little sack with grain. At the psychological moment Dick would bound forth with ferocious yells and Lou would take to his heels, clinging fast, however, to his chicken feed. This bit of entertainment was amusing to Dick and his guests, and the innocent old darkey was always immensely pleased with his success in getting feed for his chickens without having to pay for it.—W. P. DAVIES.

*Monday
May 12*

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

THE COMPLETE STORY OF the North Dakota towns that died a-borning would make an interesting volume. In a way it would not be a cheerful book, for it would be very largely the story of shattered hopes and frustrated ambitions. The impressions thus given might be counteracted in some measure by the story of the success of those whose towns supplanted the abortive attempts of their neighbors.

I HAVE MENTIONED THAT IN the summer of 1882 which I spent with a surveying outfit at and about Jamestown our party laid out a number of townsites of which little or nothing more was ever heard. One of these was Gwynne City, in Wells county, which consisted of a quarter section of land and about a thousand surveyors' stakes. No census enumerator ever found a soul in the place except the occupants of the farm which I suppose the "city" has become.

J. GWYNNE-VAUGHN WAS, I understood, a Welshman. His name makes that probable. He had been a bank clerk in England of Wales, and it was reported that he had inherited a little money. He had come to America to make a real fortune, and had got hold of a quarter section of land on the Pipestem about a mile north of the present city of Sykeston. The Jamestown & Northern branch of the Northern Pacific had been surveyed north from Jamestown and the first grading was done that summer. Plans were made for a westward extension from about the vicinity of Carrington. Gwynne-Vaughn thought that he had arranged matters with the Northern Pacific people so that the road would run through his land and the station be located there. Accord-

ingly he protected a townsite, from which he expected to make considerable money.

NORTHERN PACIFIC Affairs, however, were in confusion. The failure of Jay Cooke, financial backer of the enterprise, had brought construction to a halt and had thrown the road into receivership. In the rearrangement there were changes all along the line, and the firm of Sykes & Hughes of Jamestown stood well with the new management. Richard Sykes, an Englishman, had considerable wealth, and his company was busy buying land, most of it from the railroad company. This firm also had designs on the station that was to be located at about the Pipestem crossing and was platting the city of Sykeston.

OUR SURVEYING CONCERN had the contract for the survey of both townsites, Sykeston for Skyes & Hughes, and Gwynne City for Gwynne-Vaughn. In our work on the two plats we had opportunity to size up the rival promoters. It would be difficult to find two men more different in temperament and manner. Both were English—or Welsh. Both were educated. But there the resemblance ceased. Sykes was quiet, courteous and finely cultured, and gave one the impression of being an aristocrat of the best type. Gwynne-Vaughn seemed to have cultivated the manner of the rough-and-ready country squire, loud and jovial when in good humor, but capable of the rankest billingsgate when incensed.

GWYNNE - VAUGHN DOUBT- less realized that things were not going his way, and resented the fact. His capital was about exhausted, and prospects for his townsite were melting away. The iniquities of Sykes & Hughes became his favorite topic of conversation, and his frequent potations loosened his tongue. One Sunday morning, when a large share of the population of Jamestown had gathered in the postoffice to wait for the distribution of the mail, Gwynne-Vaughn, decidedly lit up, orated on Sykes & Hughes in a stentorian voice and indecidedly unparliamentary language. A friend tried to silence him, but without success.

"If Messrs. Sykes & Hughes wish to go to hell," he shouted, "they are at liberty to do so."

I DO NOT KNOW THAT THE firm or its members availed themselves of the permission accorded, but Sykeston became the railway station town and presently the county seat of Wells county. I suppose Gwynne City became a farm, and I know of no reason why it should not be a very good farm. The stakes which we drove to mark the corners of town lots should have made good kindling for somebody if they were gathered in time.

Gwynne City was but one of many towns that never got beyond the platting stage. Some of them were started in the real expectation that they would amount to something. A good many others were deliberately platted for the purpose of victimizing suckers, and for a time promoters did a thriving business in the sale of lots in such enterprises.

W. P. DAVIES.

*Thursday
May 13*

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

I HAVE A LETTER FROM A very good friend who apparently has been annoyed by strange dogs, and who writes as follows:

* * *
PLEASE DO NOT QUOTE ME, but keep up your good talks about dogs, etc.

"We need to awaken the public conscience on this matter. Public sentiment should be aroused to the point where vandalism by inhuman humans will not be tolerated.

Dogs have no more right to roam at large to endanger lives of children and to devastate property than have pigs, goats or cows. Even the prevalent custom of nearly all dogs of chasing and barking at passing cars is annoying, and sometimes disconcerting to drivers; besides, it shows a lack of canine control by dog owners.

"Many dogs are admirable, but some are of the Jekyll-Hyde type, as you have already pointed out. However, any dog is a nuisance in public unless attached to a leash held by an attendant. If people must have dogs let them keep the animals at home, either tied up or fenced in."

* * *
THE REFERENCE TO DOGS chasing cars is one which drivers generally will appreciate. There is probably no driver who has not experienced a feeling of helplessness when he has responded to the impulse to dodge a dog that has appeared suddenly from nowhere right in front of his car. Usually the dog manages to get out of the way, but in attempting to avoid him the driver runs the risk of striking some other car or some stationary object. Only last year Joe Brown had an experience in which, in spite of his effort, the

dog got caught in the steering gear, locking it, with the result that the car was totally wrecked, Joe sustained severe and permanent injuries, and he and his family narrowly escaped with their lives.

* * *
ANOTHER LETTER IS FROM Dan McKenzie, and brings up a subject not at all related to dogs. Mr. McKenzie, one of the old residents of the city, and in business here for many years, has been in poor health for some time, and is now at Walla Walla, Wash. He writes:

"While I am sojourning in the coast country—trying to regain my health—I get quite a 'kick' from reading your daily 'That Reminds Me' column.

"And—that reminds me—of the story you told me more than twenty years ago, about the time you shot the chicken—when the gun went off prematurely—and members of the family present thought you made such a good shot, and you said: 'Oh—that wasn't much of a shot.'

"I appreciated that story because you told it on yourself, showing that you are broad-minded, as many people would have turned it on some one else.

"Believing that it would make interesting reading, and that your thousands of readers would enjoy the story just as you told it to me, I am reminding you of it, because I know that you are a busy man, and may have overlooked the fact that almost every other man and woman would enjoy it, as I have, in telling it many times during the past twenty years.

"I am not writing this in order to get my name in your column, but coming from yourself, about yourself, it would surely be appreciated by every reader.

"Trusting that I may see this good story of yours—in your most interesting column, I hope that you will pardon me for reminding you of the one story that has given me so many moments of pleasure during the past twenty years."

* * *
MR. MCKENZIE HAS GIVEN the substance of the chicken story, but since he thinks it may entertain other readers a few details may be added.

IN THE EARLY EIGHTIES, while I was still a youth, I was visiting relatives on a Minnesota farm. It was decided to have fried chicken for dinner, and the youngsters of the family, all younger than I, proposed that I take the gun and shoot the bird instead of having it run down and decapitated in the usual way. It was so ordered. I loaded the weapon and sallied forth, accompanied by the entire family, the children wishing to see the sport. Three or four likely looking birds were conspicuous on a little mound of straw away at the farther side of the barnyard. It was indicated that one of them would be a suitable victim. With the gun at my hip I pointed the muzzle in the general direction of the little flock and asked "One of those?" "Yes," was the reply. Bang! went the gun, and down came a chicken. The children rushed forward to gather up the spoil, and found that the bird had been neatly shot through the head.

* * *
MY MARKSMANSHIP WAS acclaimed in tones of wonder. I had not even raised the gun to my shoulder! And it was a very long shot, too! I bore my honors with becoming modesty, and said that it wasn't very much of a shot, the inference being that I could do tricks much more difficult if I wished. I kept my own counsel for years, not daring to divulge the fact that I was the most shocked and astonished member of the party when that gun went off. My intention had been merely to point with the gun, and when certain of the right chicken to sneak up to close range, take careful aim and fire. I had held the gun cocked and with my finger on the trigger, and when my unconscious pressure discharged it my first impulse was to faint, and my second to count and see how many of my young cousins had been killed. My quick recovery from the shock saved me from disgrace, and I was careful for a long time not to endanger the reputation which I had unwittingly acquired.

My compliments to Mr. McKenzie, with hopes for the speedy improvement of his health.

—W. P. DAVIES.

Wednesday
May 14

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

ON A HARDWARE COUNTER the other day I noticed an apple-corer, a simple little kitchen implement with which I suppose every housewife is familiar. My mind went back to the time when apple-corers, so far as I am aware, were unknown, and when the apple-parer was a novelty. Of course apples are now pared and cored by machinery in the factories, but I wonder if the little kitchen parer is still in use. I never see one, perhaps because in this latitude we do not raise many apples, but in southern Ontario a generation or two ago the apple-parer became very popular immediately upon its introduction.

* * *
THE PARER WAS A LITTLE machine which clamped on the table, like a pencil sharpener. The apple, impaled on a three-pronged fork, was turned rapidly against a knife fashioned somewhat like a safety razor. Perhaps Mr. Gillette got his idea from the apple-parer. This knife was held firmly against the apple by a spring, which enabled it to accommodate apples of different sizes, and the knife moved in a sort of semi-circle, thus enabling it to touch the apple at all points from stem end to blossom end. The machine was operated by a handle attached to a little gear wheel, and, turning the apple rapidly against the knife it would remove the peeling in a thin, narrow strip.

* * *
OURS WAS A GREAT APPLE country, and while everybody had abundance of this fruit all winter, most families dried apples for summer use, and many were dried for sale. The preparation of the fruit for drying was often made the occasion for a "bee" in which all the neighbors would partici-

pate. The procedure varied, but when a real job was to be undertaken an apple-paring bee usually occupied an entire afternoon and evening. In the afternoon mothers and daughters attended, and swift fingers pared and cored until almost supper time, when the men folks made their appearance. After a hearty meal the apple industry would be continued, with the young men taking a hand while their elders smoked their pipes and told stories of the good old days and expressed anxiety over the frivolous behavior of the rising generation. When paring was done by hand the young men were usually not very good at it. Their fingers were more accustomed to the handle of an ax or a pitchfork than of a paring knife, but the girls were often marvels of dexterity. For one of them it was an easy matter to slice the peeling off an apple in one long, slender ribbon, so thin as to be almost transparent.

* * *
THE ADVENT OF THE LITTLE machine parer changed the character of the work and made the young men really useful. The parer required more muscle and less skill than hand work, and two or three young fellows with machines could keep a whole roomful of girls and women busy coring.

Later in the evening work would be suspended, and there were old-fashioned parlor games and often a dance. If the bee happened to be on Hallowe'en apple parings figured in the proceedings. Each girl was expected to peel an apple in one continuous strip, turn around three times as she murmured some mysterious words, and throw the peeling over her left shoulder. The form in which it lit was supposed to indicate the initial of the young man whom the girl was to wed. There were methods also of ascertaining the time within which the marriage would occur. If the peeling broke either in being removed from the apple or in being cast on the floor, misfortune was likely to attend the course of love.

* * *
AT SUCH GATHERINGS sweet cider was quaffed in liberal quantities, and pater familias might perhaps bring from the recesses of the cellar a jug of cider of a former vintage, with which

nature had been permitted to take its course with very un-Volsteadien results. The peelings usually went to the hogs or cows, but the housewife might select those from highly colored tart apples from which to make delicious jelly.

The peeled, cored and quartered apples were sometimes strung with a needle on strong twine and then hung in great festoons from the kitchen ceiling or in the shed, or in fine weather on the clothesline, to dry. In other cases they were spread on large lath trays and stirred during the drying process.

* * *
THE ORDINARY HOME DRIED apples of commerce were never very popular. A barrel of them might contain a mixture of about everything in the apple line, sweet and sour, culls and perfect specimens, dried under all sorts of domestic conditions, sanitary or otherwise. But there were others. In our orchard was one tree of fall pippins, large yellowish apples, very juicy and with a spicy tart flavor. That fruit, properly ripened and carefully dried and stored, made mighty good sauce, and excellent filling for pies. The evaporated apples of today are more uniform and decidedly more sanitary than the barreled dried apples of fifty years ago, collected hit or miss from farms of all sorts and conditions. Their production has become industrially much more important, but they lack the social background of the old farm kitchen, the neighborhood gathering, and the courting which was an important part of the young people's activities.

—W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

ONE OF MY CORRESPONDENTS recently mentioned something about vandalism. The other day Geo. Sturtevant, secretary of the Y. M. C. A., had a fairly complete example of that offensive thing. An effort has been made to render the front of the Y. M. C. A. premises attractive by the planting of shrubs and perennials. The plants were all thrifty and gave good promise of growth and beauty. The other morning when George arrived at the Y he found that during the night the young shrubs had been torn up by the roots and scattered in every direction, and the young shoots of bleeding heart, which were several inches high, had been hacked off, apparently with a stick.

* * *
THERE IS PROBABLY NO grower of flowers in the city who, at one time or other, had not suffered from just this kind of destructiveness. Shrubbery is torn down, fresh blooms are broken off and trampled under foot, and general devastation is wrought. During the summer our cemetery is a place of beauty. There is a profusion of shrubbery and flowering plants, tastefully arranged, and the succession of bloom keeps the place a beautiful picture of harmonious color all summer long. But at least once or twice each season the grounds are invaded by wretches who tear and break and destroy.

* * *
IT IS HARD TO ACCOUNT FOR such acts. There is a spirit of mischief in children which often finds expression in more or less annoying ways, but normal children are not usually given to acts of destruction just for the sake of destroying. In the acts described there seems to have been malig-

nacy indicative of total depravity. Of course children ought to be trained to respect the rights of others, not merely to tangible property having money value, but to all the things on which taste and labor have been expended. They should have developed in them such a love of order and beauty as will cause them to protect rather than destroy things that are beautiful. But, if this training has been neglected, and mischievous childhood has developed into destructive youth, heroic measures are indicated whenever—which is much too seldom—the culprits are caught. Reproof, instruction and admonition are excellent, but to have their full effect they sometimes need to be preceded by vigorous physical measures. A good sound switching will often do more to exercise the devil of destructiveness than any other method that can be employed.

* * *
A CHICAGO LADY WEIGHING 90 pounds administered a knock-out blow to her piano-moving husband, who is described as a giant. That reminds me of something that P. T. Barnum wrote in his autobiography. Many persons of my age can remember among the marvels shown by Barnum his midgets, Tom Thumb and Commodore Nutt and their wives, and others, and a whole flock of giants. Barnum told in his book of some of his experiences with these people, little and big. He found the midgets very much the harder of the two to manage. They were, he said, exacting and irascible, while the giants as a rule were good-natured and easy-going. Not only was he kept busy meeting or evading the demands of the little people for privileges and concessions, but he had to listen to appeals from the giants for protection against their lesser neighbors. Ginger, it seems, often comes done up in very small packages.

* * *
THERE IS TO BE A RACE across the continent between a man riding a bull and another driving a goat and a jackass. That recalls to me a freak in the way of racing which caused some amusement in my youth. A man toured the Ontario towns with a trotting moose which he offered to race against any trotting horse. The moose was a big animal, ungainly, as all moose are, and was driven to

a trotting sulky of the high-wheeled type then in use. He moved with a shambling gait and got over the ground much more rapidly than he seemed to be doing. His owner got a race with a horse in our town, and the result was what had been the result elsewhere, because of factors other than speed which entered into the proceedings. When the animals appeared on the track, in addition to his own ungainly appearance the moose had attached to his harness a huge piece of dried hide which flapped in the wind and rattled with every motion. In the preliminaries the horse showed signs of fright, and immediately after the start he bolted and showed the spectators a first-class runaway. The moose shuffled around the track while the driver of the horse struggled to get his animal under control. It was said that every horse that had been brought onto the track against that moose had run away.
—W. P. DAVIES.

Friday May 16

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

GEORGE F. GRAHAM, WHO has farmed near Edmore for 24 years, is visiting Grand Forks for the first time. He is here at this time because his daughter, a student in the Edmore high school, is here for the high school meet as an entrant in the declamation contest, having qualified as a representative of her school in local contests. Mr. Graham dropped in to the office for a brief visit, during which he reminded me of several things which will find their way into print in due course. Among other things he wished to learn if I might be related to Editor Gomer T. Davies, of Concordia, Kansas, whom he knew well during his residence in Kansas years ago.

* * *

I AM NOT AWARE OF ANY relationship, and the name really means nothing except that it creates the presumption of Welsh origin. St. David was adopted as the patron saint of Wales many centuries ago, and his name, in its numerous modifications, has been used to designate individuals and families in Wales ever since. Some families have spelled it one way and some another, but the families bearing any of its various forms are not necessarily related.

* * *

MY KANSAS NAMESAKE IS described by Mr. Graham as a man of humor and originality whom it must be a pleasure to know. It happens that while one of his legs is of the ordinary kind, the other is of wood, a fact which was made the basis for an interesting yarn which Mr. Davies wrote himself and published in his own paper. According to the story, as he was on his way home one dark night his wooden leg slipped through a knothole in the plank sidewalk and he was unable to

extricate it. In his efforts to do so he caused his regular foot to travel around in a circle, and in the morning the neighbors found him, still revolving, with the wooden leg as a pivot. I should like to know the man who thought that up.

* * *

MR. GRAHAM WAS FOR years a near neighbor of an old Grand Forks Herald man, Andrew Bertramson, who was foreman of the newspaper composing room close to thirty years ago. Andy enlisted for service in the Philippines and saw a lot of active service there. Mr. Graham was also in the Philippines at the same time, but the two did not meet until chance threw them together at Edmore. Andy brought home a lot of interesting souvenirs, weapons, native ornaments and other odds and ends. One of the most interesting items of the collection was a copy of a proclamation of Emilio Aguinaldo which he found tacked to a tree as his outfit was in pursuit of the Filipino leader. The proclamation was neatly written with pen on ordinary writing paper. I borrowed it and had its Spanish translated into English and published in The Herald. It was addressed to the natives and urged them to conduct themselves soberly and industriously and to maintain good order. It was not long after the finding of Andy's copy of the proclamation that Colonel Funston captured Aguinaldo by a ruse in which he masqueraded as a prisoner in the custody of natives who, properly coached, brought him into Aguinaldo's presence. Then the mask was thrown off and the "captured" became the captor. Aguinaldo, as is well known, soon became convinced that American sovereignty, for an indefinite time, would be the best thing for his people, and he has been a consistent opponent of the separate movement in the Philippines.

* * *

ANDY MOVED SEVERAL years ago to a farm in Saskatchewan, just across the border from Sarles. He raises wheat in Canada, but markets it in the United States, according to Mr. Graham. I take it that he would market it in Canada if he could get a better price there for it.

ROAD AND WEATHER CONDITIONS have not been favorable for country excursions. I suppose that by this time the wild plum trees along the timber borders are in full bloom. This would be indicated by the state of vegetation in town. If the plum groves are accessible before the blossom is all gone we shall see, as usual, cars returning to town after little country drives, partly or completely filled with plum branches torn from the trees. Often these branches will be bare before they reach the city. In any case they will be bare within a day or two, for the blooming season is brief, and the petals are easily shaken off.

There was a time when timber stretches were lined for miles with almost solid mass of plum bloom in the spring, this pleasing display to be followed by an abundance of fruit. The plum groves are not all gone, but they are fast disappearing. The wreckage begins in the spring with the stripping of branches for the bloom, and it is continued in the fall by the breaking down of whole trees to get a handful of fruit. At the present rate of going the wild plum will soon be a rarity.

Just why anyone should gather wild plum blossoms is not clear. In the mass they are beautiful, but only in the mass. The branches have put forth no foliage at the time of blooming, and an individual plum branch is merely a thorny assemblage of crooked twigs, with a bit of blossom here and there. Left where they grow they serve a useful purpose. Gathered. They become rubbish.

—W. P. DAVIES.

Saturday May 17

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

"BEHOLD, A SOWER WENT
forth to sow."

* * *
SEED TIME AND HARVEST
were promised a long time ago,
and as the seasons change there
always comes a time for the plant-
ing of seed in anticipation of the
harvest. Painters have made us
familiar with the ancient sower
through their art, and most of us
are familiar with the fine canvas
figure of the sower striding stead-
ily across his field, his arm moving
in a rhythmic swing as he broad-
casts seed.

* * *
THAT METHOD OF SOWING IS
as ancient as agriculture itself,
and it has been practiced by
countless generations. It has been
varied at times to fit local condi-
tions. In parts of the Nile valley
the peasants have sown seed in the
receding waters of the Nile, liter-
ally casting their bread upon the
waters, to have it return after
many days. On this continent wild
rice was a standard food for many
of the Indian tribes, and usually
this was collected where nature
had planted it. But new areas
were sometimes planted by scatter-
ing seed into the water from boats.

* * *
CORN WAS PLANTED
rather than sown, and the Indians
had learned the art of fertilizing
and planted fish in each hill with
the seed so that the decaying fish
might provide sustenance for the
growing plants. Among many of
the primitive peoples seeding was
not complete without its solemn
ceremonial to ward off evil from
the crop that was to be produced.
Longfellow tells us how after the
planting of the maize, Mondamin,
Hiawatha said to his wife, the
Laughing-Water:

"You shall bless tonight the corn-
fields,

Draw a magic circle round them,
To protect them from destruction,
Blast of mildew, blight of insect,
Wagemin, the thief of corn-fields,
Paimosaid, who steals the maize-
ear!

Rise up from your bed in silence,
Lay aside your garments wholly,
Walk around the fields you plant-
ed,

Round the borders of the corn-
fields,

Covered by your tresses only,

Robed with darkness as a gar-
ment."

* * *
ONE OF MY VERY EARLY
farm duties was to accompany my
grandfather to the field and move
the stakes by which he sighted his
course as he scattered the seed. I
thought the old gentleman was
needlessly particular about the po-
sition of those stakes, for there
was always trouble if they were
an inch out of line. Quiet days
were best for seeding, although the
heavier grains could be sown pret-
ty evenly in a fair wind by making
due allowance for it. Oats would
blow badly and needed to be sown
in pretty still air. Sowing grass
seed was really a work of art.
Timothy seed especially would be
blown all over the lot by even a
slight breeze, and this work was
usually done in the very early
morning before the rising sun had
started the air to moving.

* * *
MECHANICAL SEEDERS ARE
fairly simple, and it seems strange
that they were not used hundreds
of years ago. Perhaps the reason
is that man power was cheaper
than machinery and nobody
thought much of saving labor. The
first mechanical seeders of which
I have knowledge merely scattered
the seed on the surface of the
ground and scratched it in with
a set of cultivator teeth attached
to the rear. Then came the "shot-
gun" seeder which scattered the
seed by means of a whirling flanged
disc, and of which I made mention
some time ago. The first drills
scattered the seed in rows at the
bottom of little trenches which
were furrowed out by cutting
blades and these blades were fol-
lowed by short links of chain
which dragged on earth to cover
the seed. The next step brought
us to the press drill of today,
which buries the seed in similarly
prepared furrows and covers it by
means of wheels which roll down
the earth and press it.

* * *
THE MODERN SEEDER OP-
erates with a high degree of ac-
curacy. It can be adjusted to de-
liver any desired quantity of seed
per acre, and the variation will be
very slight. Hand sowing was
generally much less accurate, but
an expert sower could distribute
seed about as evenly as can be
done with the best machine. Hand

sowing was usually done with one
hand from a receptacle suspended
from the neck by a strap, but
there were also two-handed sow-
ers who used both hands alter-
nately, and who, doing this, could
keep up the gait of a good walking
team all day long. That was a
real man's job, but there were men
capable of doing it.

—W. P. DAVIES.

Monday May 19

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

HAVE YOU LEARNED TO SWIM? If not there is an opportunity to learn through The Herald-Y. M. C. A. course. If you can swim, do you remember when and how you learned? I don't. I can remember my first experience in open water when I couldn't swim, but everything is blank after that.

* * *

DURING MY SEVENTH YEAR I attended a little boarding school back east, and one hot summer day the teacher was ill and unable to teach, so we had no school sessions that day. The teacher was a very popular young lady, and we were all sorry that she was ill, but we accepted the fact with resignation inasmuch as it relieved us of study and class work. We had nothing to do but amuse ourselves. The regulations, which were quite strict, prohibited us from leaving the school premises, and as the school was situated in the country, with plenty of room, there was no special reason why we should leave. But the river was just across the road and over the hill, and the day was ideal for swimming, and a number of the older boys decided to play hookey and go swimming. As the youngest and smallest person in the school I was permitted to trail along. The way was through a bit of timber, and the path was bordered with nettles which were too much for my tender skin. I rode through this jungle on the back of one of the other boys and was deposited safely on the river bank. Stripped down to a state of nature we took to the water, the other boys, who could all swim, into unknown depths, and I into a broad shallow where I could paddle safely in the warm water. Nobody was drowned, and nothing happened. Our violation of the rules was never discovered. The teacher resumed her duties next day, and everything was lovely.

* * *

I DIDN'T LEARN TO SWIM that time, but I can remember no subsequent time when I could not swim. Just how or when I learned I do not know. The river was close by, and in the country back were numerous creeks which widened here and there into very serviceable swimming holes. Along one section the river bank was of blue clay. I have read of otters sliding down clay banks for sport. We boys found it good sport to imitate them. Blue clay, perfectly free from stone and grit, makes an excellent slide and the work of preparation is simple. Any old bucket will serve to wet down the surface of the prospective slide, and after the preliminary wetting no further preparation is required. Each boy, wet from the river, slides down and plunges in, and with each trip the form and texture of the slide is improved, until at length there is a smooth, shallow trough thoroughly lubricated, down which a boy will slide either end first at tremendous speed, the slide ending in a delicious plunge into deep water. It was such slides as this that we made and used, coated from head to foot with the slippery mud. Most of the mud washed off, but blue clay in one's hair is sticky when moist and very hard when dry.

* * *

A WRITER IN THE OUTLOOK writes in defense of the spend-thrift. So makes out a plausible case for the individual who uses up current income in enjoying the good things of life. The fallacy in the argument seems to lie in its neglect of the fact that earning capacity even in the prime of life is not dependable, and that if life is prolonged there must come a time when earnings cease. And, when earnings cease, unless there has been accumulation, the wolf is right at the door.

* * *

MUCH OF OUR CIVILIZATION is due to the fact that each generation has produced more wealth than it consumed, and this mass result in turn is due to the practice by individuals of the self control which has caused them to refrain from using up all of their substance today and instead to reserve some portion to meet the needs of tomorrow. That quality of thrift is something that the savage lacks, and that lack is largely what causes him to remain a savage. Jacky, the Australian bushman servant of the hero of

one of Charles Reade's novels, is given his master's herd of cattle when the master is about to return to England to take up there the life that he had left. Jacky's first act is to call his tribesmen together and kill a steer. The bushmen gorge themselves on fresh meat, and when the effect of the fest has worn off and hunger is felt again, another steer is killed and eaten. The process is repeated until all the cattle are gone, whereupon the Jacky and his guests scatter through the wilderness to resume their former hit-or-miss way of living. The herd, conserved, would have provided a permanent supply of food, and its possession would have afforded its owners leisure to do other things than hunt for the next meal. Thrift requires a measure of self denial, but self denial directed toward intelligent thrift is an excellent investment.

—W. P. DAVIES.

Tuesday May 20

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

I NOTED IN THE HERALD'S thirty-years-ago section that "M. Graham returned from the country. The name has a curious association, for it reminds me of the petrified man. Mr. Graham, as I recall it, had nothing to do with the petrified man in the first place, but he became interested in the subsequent proceedings. He was a clothing merchant who operated a store in East Grand Forks, and who, for a time, did a fairly large business. Just how or why he became mixed up with the petrified man I never knew, but as he was the only person whom I knew who had anything to do with the object, mention of his name brings back some parts of a strange story. I have no doubt the files of The Herald contain more details than I can recall offhand, but searching through files is laborious work, so I shall give merely a sketchy resume of the facts as I recall them and rely on readers familiar with the subject to provide the omitted details.

* * *

SOMETIME DURING THE summer of 1896 or 1897 it was reported that in the digging of a ditch on a farm in Marshall county, Minnesota, the petrified body of a man had been found. Under circumstances unknown to me the find was acquired by persons who brought it to Grand Forks and placed it on exhibition in a vacant store room on Third street somewhere near the present Widlund block. Hundreds of people paid their quarters to see the wonder. What they saw was what appeared to be the body of a man apparently turned to stone. The figure was that of a man perhaps in the thirties, tall, well formed, and with decidedly Caucasian features. The body was quite nude and was in a perfect state of preservation except that the abdomen was sunken and somewhat broken.

* * *

THE FIND CREATED MORE than a mild sensation. There were those who from the beginning denounced it as a fake, but others insisted on its genuineness and presented plausible evidence in support of their theory. The farmer on whose land the object was found was in fact engaged in digging a ditch, and so far as I can remember he was not suspected of being a party to any deception. So far as he was concerned the find seemed to have been purely accidental. The figure had every appearance of genuineness, down to the smallest details, and those who believed it to be the figure of a real man speculated widely on his history and identity. The favorite theory was that in the very early days some white traveler on his way to or from Fort Garry had died either naturally, accidentally or from violence—although the body presented no marks of violence—and that his body, buried hastily in marshy ground, has been subjected to the action of strong mineral salts in the soil before decomposition had begun, the mineral elements gradually taking the place of the organic tissues.

* * *

THE EXHIBITORS OF THE body encouraged controversy, as discussion increased the gate receipts, and argument waxed fast and furious. It was pointed out that no other case of such complete petrification was known, and reference was made to the Cardiff Giant and other alleged petrified men, which cases had been proven to be fraudulent. Variety was given to the proceedings by the appearance of two young men who claimed the body as that of their father. They said that their father had belonged to an expedition traveling through the Red river valley many years before, and that information had been received by his family of his death and burial en route at some place which corresponded to the place where the body was found. They professed to be able to identify the body by marks and lineaments, and they demanded possession. Those in possession resisted the claim on the ground that finders are keepers, and also that there was not sufficient evidence to substantiate the story told by the claimants.

* * *

IT WAS ABOUT THIS TIME that Mr. Graham entered the case as the ostensible owner of the body, whether by purchase, gift or other-

wise I do not know. Court proceedings were instituted, and there were replevins, injunctions and all the other pieces of legal machinery that could be brought to bear. By last information concerning the petrified man was that he was a guest in the Grand Forks county jail, being then in the custody of the district court under some proceeding that had been instituted. From that time on his history is blank.

During the controversy that raged the petrified man occupied considerable space in the eastern papers. Skillfully dressed up the story made lively reading, and the New York World gave it a full page one Sunday. That story was a humdinger. It was told in as sensational manner as is to be found in any modern tabloid, and it was illustrated with a big colored picture of a battle to the death between rival clans, one group trying to gain possession of the petrified body of their ancestor, while those in possession were defending themselves with rifles across a deep ravine. Such a ravine as was pictured is not to be found this side of the Rocky mountains.

I think the public finally accepted the theory that the whole thing was a fake, started for exhibition purposes, and that the figure had been cast in cement from a living subject. Rumor also identified the place where the cast was made and the man who made it, but of those matters I know nothing. There are interesting details concerning this case with which a good many persons must be familiar, and I shall be glad to hear from any of them.

W. P. DAVIES.

Wednesday May 21

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

IT WAS BY COINCIDENCE and not design that my story of the petrified man and Professor Simpson's description of the fossils in the tar pits of southern California came almost together. Professor Simpson's description has been given several times before different groups, and each time it seems to become more interesting. The fossils which he describes are genuine relics of a bygone age, when living creatures of which the world has now no duplicates roamed the earth. My story was of a sensation which had its basis in what came to be generally accepted as a fake, and which became involved in a maze of legal entanglements.

* * *

I STUMBLED UPON ANOTHER item in the files relating to the petrified man. The Herald of November 2, 1897, told of court proceedings in which the sale of the property was ordered. The story gives the names of some of the persons interested. Judge C. J. Fisk was then on the district bench, but for some reason he was unable to serve at that time, and Judge Morgan of Devils Lake acted in his stead. The three persons who claimed interest in the property were a Mrs. Holmes, a Mr. McPherson, and M. Graham, clothing merchant of East Grand Forks, who has been mentioned before.

* * *

THERE SEEMS TO HAVE been much conflicting testimony in this case. It is stated that the only undisputed feature was as to the proportionate interest of the several parties. It was agreed that Mrs. Holmes owned a one-fifth interest and Messrs. McPherson and Graham a two-fifths interest each. Everything else was so complicated that nobody could make head or tail of it. Mrs. Holmes testified that she had invested in the property \$939.75 more than she

had received. Mr. McPherson said that his disbursements had been \$909.48 greater than his receipts. Mr. Graham reported expenditure of \$1,015, but whether or not he had received anything is not stated. The court ordered the freak sold and Mrs. Holmes and McPherson paid in full if enough were realized, with the balance to go to Graham. If there should be no balance Graham was to take judgment for the amount of his shortage. I suppose it was at the sale thus ordered that Mr. Graham bought the petrified man and became sole owner.

M. Graham was a pleasant fellow, and I have one interesting recollection of him. In 1896 I worked for the Northwest News, which had been established by W. R. Bierly, and which had been taken over by creditors because of financial difficulties. When I became its sole reporter it was published in a ramshackle building at the corner of Walnut street and First avenue south. The publishers, Beck and Sherman, had been printers on the paper during the Bierly regime, and they had taken the thing over in the hope of working out a lot of wages which they had coming and had moved into the cheapest quarters that they could find.

* * *

THE PAPER HAD AN UNSATISFACTORY past, no present at all, and a gloomy looking future. A few advertisers patronized it, out of habit or sympathy, and from the employes were able to obtain goods in lieu of wages. Money was seldom seen around the establishment. I needed a suit of clothes, and as M. Graham was one of the paper's few advertisers, I went to see him about it. Mr. Graham himself waited on me. I selected a modest suit at a modest price, and asked Graham to charge it to the Northwest News.

"I'm sorry," said he, "but the News owes me too much already, as I have advanced a good deal more in goods than my account with them comes to. I'm trying to work it out now in advertising, and I can't let any more goods go on that account. But take the suit along. I'll charge it to you, and you can pay me when it's convenient."

* * *

THAT WAS A GENEROUS OFFER, but my experience in getting money from the News was such

that I couldn't see how I was ever going to raise enough to pay for that suit, so I thanked Graham and left the suit. Frank Ephraim was in the clothing business here at that time, and either he had more faith in the News than Graham had or the paper's account with him was not so badly overdrawn, and I got a suit from him and had it charged to the News. The price of a serviceable suit at that time was about fifteen dollars.

That experience suggests another money-raising episode while I was on the staff of the News, and in which the late John P. Bray figured without knowing it. I shall have to tell that another day.

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Thurs Day May 22

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—W. P. DAVIES.

Saturday May 24
Friday May 23

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

WORKING FOR THE NORTH-west News in 1896 has some of the fascination that attends many other uncertainties. It was an open question whether the institution would last another week or would go up in smoke on Saturday right. In one way or another the employes managed to get at least a part of their wages in trade at the various stores that still maintained diplomatic relations with the paper. It was taken for granted that wages would not be paid in full in cash, and the probability was that there would be no cash at all. The possibility of a few dollars being received kept hope alive and injected a sort of sporting element into the situation. In a desk pigeonhole reposed a bundle of ancient bills that nobody had been able to collect, and occasionally I would pick out two or three of the least unpromising of these and go out after real money. I was welcome to all that I could collect, the collection being charged as salary, and I might make any sort of discount that I pleased. If I could get two dollars on a ten dollar account I was glad to take it and receipt the bill in full.

* * *

IN THE FURNISHING AND decoration of the apartment of John P. Bray I thought I saw an opportunity, and I proceeded to avail myself of it. John Bray was one of the early residents of the city. He had been county auditor, state auditor, and postmaster of Grand Forks. Under the second Cleveland administration Willis A. Joy had succeeded him as postmaster, and for the time being he was just a private citizen, though actively interested in politics. In the spring of 1896

he had moved into an apartment over the drygoods store of Thomas Beare, and I learned that Mr. Beare had done the furnishing, which was quite elaborate.

* * *

I GOT PERMISSION TO INSPECT the apartment, which was well worth visiting, and I wrote a glowing description, about a column in length, making frequent mention of the fact that the furnishings of the interior were supplied by the Beare establishment. I drew liberally on my store of eulogistic adjectives, and my article must have been a scream. I took this work of art to Mr. Beare and told him I had written the article for publication in the News, and had he any changes to suggest? Mr. Beare read the article and was delighted. He had no changes to suggest and thought it showed a fine spirit of enterprise for the News to undertake such an excellent piece of work.

Everything being quite satisfactory up to this point I mentioned that ten dollars would be about right for the publication of the article. Mr. Beare's enthusiasm subsided immediately. He had not understood that any charge was to be made for the article, supposing that it was intended simply as a news article. I said something about its advertising value to him, and he replied that he was not interested in advertising John Bray's apartment. If the article was to be paid for, that was Mr. Bray's affair, not his. I reasoned patiently, but without result, until, as a last resort, I suggested that Mr. Bray might be willing to share the expense. I knew better. This suggestion was received with some favor, and Mr. Beare said if I could get Bray to pay half the cost he would pay the other half, and he proposed that I see Bray and report. I had no idea of seeing Bray, or waiting, so long as there was any money in sight. I said I knew Mr. Bray would be glad to pay five dollars for the article, and if Mr. Beare would pay his five now it would save me a trip and I was very busy. I got the five and published the article, but I knew better than approach John Bray with the proposal that he pay me any money for it. It sometimes took a lot of ingenuity to get hold of five dollars in those days.

JOHN BRAY WAS LATER made chairman of a committee that took over the Northwest News and moved it to the Ryan building, which was wrecked recently to make way for the present Ryan hotel. I had nothing to do with the editorial policy or management, but was simply a newsgatherer. The editorial work was handled by H. R. W. Hall, a veteran newspaper man and a gentleman. Mr. Hall came from Kansas City to take up this work, and as the control of the paper was in the hands of a group of men who knew nothing whatever about newspapers, and who were continually framing and changing policies, the editor's job was anything but an easy one.

In the redistribution of federal offices after the inauguration of President McKinley Mr. Bray was appointed consul general to Melbourne, Australia, and he remained in the consular service until his death several years ago. He made an excellent record in Australia and was promoted to the Singapore consulate.

W. P. DAVIES.

Saturday May 24

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

A CORRESPONDENT AT Stanchfield, Minn., who makes the rather usual request that his name be not used, writes as follows:

"As an interested reader of your column I am reminded of the severe cold weather we experienced on our homestead in Eastern Marshall county, Minnesota, on January 4, 1912. I write from memory, and may be mistaken as to the day of the month. The temperature was reported as 54 below zero at Grygla, 52 at Thief River Falls, and 48 at Crookston. I am curious to learn if those records are in the main correct, and if so, is not that a "bigger snake" than the cold weather you recently so ably reviewed? Incidentally, wasn't the month of January, 1912, a record breaker for cold weather?

"While living at Crookston in the summer of 1912 I saw the unique water baseball game in which the umpire, Bill Munch, was thrown into the river. Devils Lake had a sea serpent in the parade, and Al Fitz rode the water wagon—a sprinkling cart. All that was during the U. C. T. convention, and if you were there I probably served you refreshment in the Hotel Crookston bar."

THE OBSERVATIONS HERETOFORE made concerning temperature apply here. The temperatures quoted were doubtless taken from ordinary street thermometers, which while they may be fairly accurate at ordinary temperatures, are erratic in extreme weather, hot or cold. The coldest weather ever recorded officially at Grand Forks was 44 below zero, as stated by Professor Simpson a short time ago. If I can find anything of interest about the weather in January, 1912, I will make a note of it. Perhaps Professor Simpson can help me out again.

I DID NOT ATTEND THE U. C. T. convention in Crookston in 1912,

and therefore I missed whatever refreshments my correspondent may have been serving at the Hotel Crookston at that time. I have, however, a pleasing recollection of that hotel and its bar. Some years before national prohibition, and before the war, it was discovered by some diligent investigator that Crookston, with its surrounding territory, was within what had been an Indian reservation, and that within that area the sale of liquor was forever prohibited. This provision in the treaty of cession had been intended, of course, to prevent the bringing of liquor into territory where the Indians could conveniently get it. For the protection of the Indians Crookston was made, theoretically, at least, a dry town. During this period I attended a celebration of some sort at Crookston. The day was very hot, and after standing and walking about in the hot sun for hours I repaired to the hotel. I entered the bar room in search of something cooling and refreshing. I was not acquainted with the gentleman behind the bar. I had neither sign nor password, and didn't know whether the place was wet or dry. I attempted no evasion or subterfuge. I said:

"I'm tired, and hot and dusty and thirsty. I want the nearest thing to a glass of beer that you have in the place."

THE RESULT WAS ALTOGETHER satisfying. If I were taken into court I couldn't swear what it was that was served, but it looked and tasted very much like beer. It may have been my friend from Stanchfield who served it. Anyway, it was an act of mercy which I shall not forget.

IN THESE DAYS OF AUTOMATIC conveniences of every kind the idea that anything but electricity was ever used for street lighting seldom occurs to anyone. We know it, but we do not think about it. The streets of Grand Forks have been lighted electrically for more than thirty years, but prior to that time lighting was by gas. The transition was not made without a struggle, and while that struggle was in progress the Grand Forks city offices and other premises belonging to the city were illuminated—if that is the correct word—by means of oil lamps and lanterns.

THE GRAND FORKS GAS & Electric company, of which W. J. Murphy of Minneapolis was president and principal owner, had a contract for the lighting of the streets with gas, and at the price stipulated the company also provided light for city offices. The city took steps to install an electric lighting plant of its own for street lighting. The company maintained that because of failure of the city to order the service discontinued at the end of ten years the contract, according to its terms, had been automatically renewed for another twenty years. Mr. Murphy, a very brilliant man, could be very "set," and the mayor, John Dinnie, could be equally positive. Between the two, when they became stirred up, there was no such thing as compromise. Mr. Murphy said in public that he had a contract to furnish gas, and that he was going to keep on furnishing gas and collecting pay for it. The mayor served notice in writing on the company that it had no contract, ordered it to quit furnishing gas, and warned the company that if it persisted in furnishing gas, notwithstanding the prohibition, it would get no pay. Gas was furnished as usual for a time, but the mayor ordered all city employes not to use it, and for a time oil was the only artificial illuminant used by the city.

W. P. DAVIES.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

THERE IS A SOUND WHICH city dwellers never hear, with which those on northwestern farms were once familiar, but of which even those in the country now hear little. It is the sound of prairie chickens drumming. There was a time when it was one of our most familiar country sounds. It seemed always to come from a distance, and its quality reminded one of the poet's "muffled drums," although it was in no way suggestive of funeral marches. It came in the spring, twice a day, shortly after sunrise and about sundown. The farm hand on his way to the barn to feed his horses in the early morning marched to the rhythm of booming sounds which resembled the rapid beating of a bass drum in alternating crescendo and diminuendo. Mingled with it was the sound of soft cooing, somewhat resembling the cooing of a pigeon.

THESE SOUNDS, WHICH were made by prairie chickens at their morning exercises, were very elusive, and the sounds from a single covey might seem to come from a dozen different directions. The listener might easily suppose that he was completely surrounded by drumming chickens, although all the sounds which he heard might be made by a single covey a mile away. The impression of many coveys, however, was in many cases not an illusion, for chickens were plentiful in the early days, and any grassy spot might be the resting place of a covey over night. The drumming exercise of the morning was repeated toward evening, so that the day's labor was ushered in and closed with this pleasing and interesting sound.

ALMOST ANYONE WHO HAS lived in the country for any length of time in a district inhabited by prairie chickens has heard this drumming. Not everyone has seen the dance to which the drumming is an accompaniment. It was my good fortune to witness one of these interesting exercises. About sundown of a late spring day many years ago I was driving along the old Pembina trail, which at one time was a part of the highway between St. Paul and Fort Garry. The road followed the crest of a log ridge known as the Pembina ridge, and which wound northwesterly through a country dotted with poplar groves and small grassy meadows. The sun had almost set and the air was still. The road being smooth the buggy made little noise, and I was enjoying the quiet beauty of the scene when I became conscious of a booming sound which I recognized as the drumming of chickens. The sound grew more distinct as I advanced, and as I rounded the point of a grove I discovered its source. On a clean grassy spot not more than ten rods away was a covey of dancing and drumming chickens. I stopped the team and sat observing the strange sight. There were a dozen or more birds in the covey, and they were so interested in their own performance that they paid no attention to me. All the birds appeared to participate to some extent, but the males were the principal performers. They moved forward and back, spun themselves about, and at times they would jump perpendicularly a foot or more from the ground. At intervals their wings would be expanded toward the ground with a peculiar flirting motion, during which the drumming sounds came forth. All the while there was a low cooing, but whether from males or females I could not discover. I suppose I sat there ten minutes watching the novel spectacle, and then I drove on, leaving the birds still dancing and drumming. I was near enough to have thrown a stone among them, but my presence did not disturb them at all.

SOMETIME I MAY HAVE told of the covey of chickens that I tried to domesticate. If anyone had read it he is at liberty to skip this. I plowed into the nest of a

prairie chicken, not knowing of its existence until the mother bird flew up from under the horses' feet. There were ten eggs in the nest, and none broken. I knew that the bird would not return to the nest, so I gathered up the eggs and placed them under a broody hen. The poor mother had almost completed hatching them, for within three or four days I had little bronze chicks.

SOME PHILOSOPHERS TELL us that all human behavior is the result of environment, training, experience—use whatever term you will. I know little about human behavior, but I am here to testify that the behavior of prairie chicks is the result of inheritance and nothing else. Those chicks had never known their own mother. They were hatched in a barn, just like domestic birds. But from the moment they pecked their way out of their shells they were wild as hawks. They would not recognize their foster mother except to huddle under her feathers occasionally for warmth. They had been told nothing of danger, but any unusual sound or movement would send them scurrying for cover, and in an instant they would make themselves almost invisible among scattered bunches of straw. I had taken precaution to fence off their little corner of the barn, so they could not escape, otherwise they would have vanished within an hour of hatching, for they were deaf to the clucking and coaxing of the old hen. They did not thrive in the barn, so I turned them loose and lost three or four at once. They all started off in different directions, and neither the old hen nor I could follow all of them. Confinement in a big box in the yard was tried, but three or four died. What were left were turned loose again, and all disappeared but one, which the old hen managed to keep in sight for several days. My last view of it was as it was heading for a wheat field, with the hen following, clucking madly and vainly to induce it to return.

Those birds were born with wildness, and fear, and caution, and certain protective instincts in them, and they didn't need to be taught. —W. P. DAVIES.

Tuesday May 27

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

W. G. SIBLEY, IN HIS PERSONAL column in the Chicago Journal of Commerce, tells of the first house which he and his bride occupied immediately after their marriage. It was a dwelling of three rooms, one of which was a little kitchen. The kitchen ceiling, he says, was composed of paper flour sacks tacked to the roof rafters, and the roof leaked abominably.

When I read that I thought Mr. Sibley must be mistaken, for it seemed that paper flour sacks could not have been in general use as long ago as his marriage. I remember very well when a paper sack large enough and strong enough to hold 25 pounds of flour was a novelty, and I have demonstrated the strength of such sacks by grasping them around the top and lifting the whole weight of 25 pounds by the paper itself. Customers wondered how it was possible to make paper so strong. But as I thought the matter over I recalled that while Mr. Sibley is well along in years, and I am no youth myself, so that by the time of his marriage paper sacks had probably come into quite general use.

* * *

MY EARLY EXPERIENCE IN doing up parcels was entirely with flat paper, and except for wrapping up a few articles the paper was not twisted into the form of a cornucopia, but was shaped into a neat, square package with all the corners carefully tucked in. When the paper bag appeared the older clerks sneered at it as something suited for only a lazy and unskillful clerk, something which no true artist would deign to use. But art had to make way for utility, and the paper bag came to stay.

Paper bags are now turned out in factories by the million. I have made thousands of them by hand. I moved from a village store to a small city emporium whose owner

had a passion for thrift and a horror of waste. Flat paper cost less than manufactured bags, and the job of making bags was a fine thing to keep the younger clerks out of mischief on rainy days. So on such days, when trade was slack, we youngsters repaired to an upper room and cut flat paper from patterns, pasted and folded it and made bags of assorted sizes. Those were used for the general run of merchandise, but for a long time tea was always wrapped in flat paper of a kind known as tea paper, which in color and texture resembled the white print paper of today. I suppose it was some form of rag paper, as I do not think paper was then made of wood fibre.

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SENATOR SMOOT HAS FIGURED largely in the Washington dispatches because of his position as chairman of the senate finance committee which has had in charge the senate's end of the handling of the tariff bill. I seldom see his name without thinking of one of President Roosevelt's bon mots. Senator Smoot is one of the high officials of the Mormon church. At the time of his election to the senate the subject of polygamy was being debated with great interest and not a little passion. The Mormon church had not only permitted, but it had encouraged polygamy, and while its spokesmen declared that it had withdrawn its approval of the practice, its accusers insisted that it still encouraged the practice secretly. Mr. Smoot himself had only one wife, but his right to a seat in the senate was challenged on the ground that he was an official in an organization which had encouraged and still permitted it. The debate on the subject was long and bitter and resulted in the seating of the gentleman from Utah. After being sworn in the new senator called at the White House to pay his respects officially to President Roosevelt. There was the usual waiting list of individuals and delegations of many kinds. When his turn came the senator stepped forward to be received by the president. Next in order came a delegation of ladies devoted to some uplift cause, who remained at the rear of the room waiting to be called. Roosevelt received the senator cordially. Stepping forward and grasping him by the hand he said:

"Ah, Senator, I'm glad to see you." Then, glancing at the twenty or thirty ladies at the other end of the room he added in an undertone "And to see that you have brought your family with you!"

* * *

DOWN IN TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, they are trying to enforce a Sunday ordinance of the seventeen hundreds which prohibits people from doing almost anything at all on the first day of the week, commonly called Sunday. I never lived in a community which operated under laws as blue as some of those of which we read, but wherever I lived in the east it was expected that Sunday would be kept pretty strictly. Only in extreme cases was there resort to the courts to enforce Sunday statutes, but community sentiment on the subject was usually pretty strong. In one village there lived an old fellow who seldom attended church, maintaining that he had a better brand of religion than he could get from the preacher. Sometimes he scandalized his neighbors by splitting wood in his back yard on Sunday, and to the remonstrances made he replied that it was no sin to split wood on Sunday provided one did not lift the ax higher than his head. He professed to have scriptural authority for this theory, but I have never been able to find it. If anyone has I should like to have chapter and verse.

W. P. DAVIES.

Wednesday May 28

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

I HAVE JUST VISITED STUMP lake for the first time. I have known of the lake for half a century, and for a good share of that time I have intended every season to visit the lake and see what it was like. For one reason or another the visit has been deferred until now. The occasion of this visit was the annual picnic of the Nelson County Old Settlers association which was held on the association's grounds on the lake shore.

The drive from Larimore shore, made with Alf and Harry Eastgate, who lived near the lake many years ago and are familiar with its characteristics and its history. Instead of following the federal and state highways we took the line of the old Fort Totten trail and followed it as closely as the course of today's roads would permit, and for most of the distance we were either on the old trail itself or within sight of its course along the high ground where it had been marked out.

The trail has a fascinating history. It was laid out to facilitate the transportation of mail and supplies between Grand Forks and Fort Totten, and during the period of its greatest use more than 200 outfits were counted passing over it in a single day. No spot along its course has greater interest than the grove on the bank of Stump lake where the pavilion now stands, for it was in that grove that Will Smith, an Indian and a half-breed camped for three days in a howling blizzard in which they almost lost their lives. Mention was made of this episode some time ago, but the Eastgate brothers have given me some fresh details.

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WARREN SMITH CARRIED the mail between Grand Forks and Fort Totten, using a dog team and sled in the winter. The winter of the camping episode was one of deep snow and furious storms, and the commander of the military post

at Fort Totten considered it too dangerous for Warren Smith to start out on his customary trip. To prevent him from doing so he placed him under technical arrest and ordered him to remain within the fort premises. Many days passed, and Warren did not arrive at Grand Forks. Fearing that some disaster had overtaken him Don McDonald, postmaster at Grand Forks, started out with the Indian and half-breed and a dog team to search for the missing man. The little party reached Stump lake in the early part of a storm which had suddenly set in, and they took shelter in the timber. There they remained for three days and nights, most of the time without food. The natives wanted to kill one of the dogs for food, but Smith would not permit this as he feared that if the team were thus crippled they could never escape. In order to prevent the dog from being killed he remained awake during the rest of their stay. When the storm had subsided and the air cleared the campers were able to see the cabin of Miller, or Moulin, a French settler, about a mile away, across the lake. Slowly and painfully they made their way there, and when the door was opened in response to their knock, all three fell in head-long. Miller dragged them in, warmed and fed them and rolled them in blankets, where they slept all day. The half-breed died, but the other two recovered from their trying experience.

Standing among the trees of the grove it is possible to visualize in some measure the hopeless condition of those men, stranded in mid-winter with the snow piling in great drifts about them. It is scarcely possible to visualize the conditions under which the lake itself was formed, but an examination of the great boulders which lie along the shore impresses one with the immensity of the force which was employed in this work. Alf Eastgate and Dan Willard, who also assisted me in the examination, say that around Stump lake there is the greatest collection of glacier-planned boulders known to exist anywhere on earth. Most of the boulders are irregular masses of rock, but thousands of them have one face work to a plane surface and worn smooth by being ground against other surfaces and moved along by the irresistible force of the glacial ice above them. Many of these rocks are filled with fossils which have become part of the rocks themselves.

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STUMP LAKE IS SAID TO BE now about 30 feet lower than it was when the first white settlers became aware of its existence, and the character of the rocks and vegetation along its shores indicates that this estimate is approximately correct. Glacial action, too has played strange tricks with the timber growth of the vicinity. The movement of ice, and the later damming of the stream of which the lake was a part have resulted in the submerging of thousands of trees, oak, elm, ash and many other species, and for unknown generations these trees have laid in the water until, impregnated with its salts and silicates, they sank to the bottom. As the water recedes, the ice brings up each year of these tree trunks, which are felt on the shore, and settlers have fished for logs and brought them to the surface for fuel. Thousands of cords of excellent fuel have thus been retrieved from the waters of this very old and very salt lake. Drinking water of good quality is obtained by boring on the higher ground, and one visitor remarked on the peculiarity of the locality by saying: "It's the queerest country I ever struck. They climb for water and dive for fuel!"

The salt-impregnated fuel thus obtained from the lake gives off in burning an odor somewhat resembling that of lignite, and quite as distinctive, and it yields flame of many wierd and beautiful colors.

W. P. DAVIES.

Thursday May 29

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

THE OLDEST MAN AT THE Nelson county old settlers' picnic at Stump lake on May 27 was George Knauss, of Tolna. Mr. Knauss is just approaching the completion of his ninetieth year. Optical trouble a few years ago deprived him of the sight of one eye and left the vision of the remaining eye greatly impaired. He is not as firm on his feet as he once was, and he carries a stout cane, as with it in his hand he feels a little more confident of his position. Yet he is as youthful in spirit as he was seventy years ago. He can tell a story and crack a joke, and he would not think of missing the annual picnic of his old neighbors if unless attendance were physically impossible. His impaired sight makes it difficult for him to recognize people, but his ear is quick to recognize the tones of a familiar voice, and it was a pleasure to see the attention paid to him by his neighbors of half a century and the evidences of affection for him which they exhibited.

MR. KNAUSS CAME FROM Pennsylvania. He is of the racial group popularly known as Pennsylvania Dutch, whose forbears, as I understand it, migrated to this country many years ago from Germany, and from whose stock so many of our fine families have sprung. It is a curious fact that not until he came to North Dakota did Mr. Knauss become acquainted with some of his old Eastern neighbors. His home in Pennsylvania was near the New York border. The Eastgates lived across the river on the New York side. Both families traded at the same store, but the members of the two families had never met or known of each others' existence until they met in Nelson county and began comparing notes.

THE GENERAL EXPERIENCES of those who settled on prairie farms in the early days were quite similar, and many of the personal adventures of one individual could be were practically duplicated in the lives of other individuals. In difficulties of transportation, distance from neighbors, hazards due to weather conditions and many other things, the story of one family would read very much like the stories of thousands of other families. Personal characteristics accounted for most of the differences that existed. Mr. Knauss was among those who faced the difficulties of life with a determination to overcome them, who accepted no misfortune as incurable and no defeat as final, who knew no discouragement in adversity and whom prosperity could not spoil.

He operated a threshing machine for a quarter of a century when the management of such an outfit required a man not only to have sound business habits and good executive ability, but to be handy with his fists. Threshing crews had little polish, and there were times when the laying of hands on no ceremonious fashion was necessary if the boss were to remain the boss. Mr. Knauss was always boss of whatever outfit he owned.

THOSE EARLY DAYS WERE days of the ox team. The Pennsylvania ox team was trained for its job. Accustomed to the yoke in calfhood and used by the boys of the farm in the hauling of light loads, by the time it had become a real ox it knew "gee" from "haw" and responded readily to commend without the use of the whip or goad except as these instruments were used gently for mere guidance. Many of the western oxen lacked such training. Taken from herds after they had reached maturity, they were "broken" overnight by main strength and were both wild and ignorant. Their drivers were often incompetent. One such team was being driven through Larimore with curses and imprecations by a green driver, who when his team balked, exclaimed in disgust: "It would take a Pennsylvania Dutchman to drive a team like that." Mr. Knauss, who happen-

ed to be in town, stepped out into the street and said: "Dot's me," and, taking charge of the team, green as it was, gave it confidence and induced it to work.

UNTIL HIS SIGHT FAILED Mr. Knauss drove his own car, and drove it skillfully as any younger man could. Members of his family were sometimes afraid that he would meet with some accident, driving alone, but the old gentleman insisted on being his own chauffeur. On one occasion he made a drive of about 100 miles to visit members of his family, and on his arrival he was questioned as to the time he had left. Upon checking the leaving time with the time of his arrival it appeared that he had made the journey in an unbelievably short time. "Why, Uncle George," someone said, "You must have driven very fast." "Oh," said Uncle George, "I yust schtepped on it a leedle, so I would haf more time to visit."

Mr. Knauss has prospered. He owns a big and well conducted farm, and while he is no longer active in farm work, he takes pride in seeing the work which he started being carried on effectively. He makes Tolna his headquarters, but spends much of his time with members of his family who are now widely separated. His greatest achievement is to have earned and retained through a long life the respect and esteem in which he is held. —W. P. DAVIES.

Friday May 30.

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

The Southern Presbyterian assembly confesses ignorance on the subject of calendar reform. The calendar change which is under consideration is that of dividing the year into thirteen months of 28 days each, which would provide for 364 of the 365 days. The additional day would be treated as an extra, and would not be included in any week or month. It would be an extra day at the beginning of each year. Every fourth year another extra day would be inserted in the middle of the year in like manner. Under this plan each year, month and week would begin on the same day, and the same day of the month would fall on the same day of the week throughout all the years. The proposed treatment of the extra days would cause Sunday to fall on the eighth day from the preceding Sunday at the beginning of each year, and also in the middle of each leap year. The subject has been widely discussed from the standpoint of its convenience and economic desirability. On these features there are quite marked differences of opinion. Some religious bodies have objected on religious grounds to the occasional lengthening of the time from Sunday to Sunday. Questionnaires have been sent out to the principal Protestant bodies asking for their views. In answering these questionnaires the church people are not expected to take into account the social or economic phases of the subject, as the members have opportunity to express themselves on those matters through their business or other secular organization. They are asked simply if in their opinion there is any religious reason why the change should not be made. The Southern Presbyterian assembly amid laughter said that it didn't know anything about the subject, and declined to answer on that ground.

FIFTY YEARS AGO A GREAT

many people made merry over the proposal to establish time zones throughout the continent. Until that time all the clocks in the country were in a state of confusion. Each community kept its own meridian time of such other time as happened to be most convenient. As the railroads spanned the country from east to west railroad time was quite commonly kept. But where two railroads entered a city, with one having its headquarters away to the east and the other with offices far to the west, there would be two railroad times in the same place, and in some cases local authorities insisted on keeping local time as well. Two cities a few miles apart on a north and south line, each with its own east-and-west railroad, might have their clocks an hour apart, and there was no rule by which one could tell what time a given place was likely to keep.

Sanford Fleming, a Canadian engineer, developed the present system of time zones in which time changes by even hours, each time belt being approximately 15 degrees in width. The plan was ridiculed, much as the present calendar project has been ridiculed. It was denounced as sacrilegious, and vehement sermons were preached against it. It was an attempt to regulate something for the regulation of which there had been no divine provision and texts of scripture were quoted to show that such an act was prohibited. In spite of the ridicule of some and the peculiar fancies of others the change was made and the system was extended throughout the civilized world. People have found in the zone system something of practical utility which does not interfere with religious duty or spiritual growth.

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WATT AND HIS STEAM ENGINE

and Stephenson and his locomotive were huge jokes to people who knew nothing about them and would not take the trouble to find out. Millions of people are setting their clocks forward an hour in the spring and back an hour in the fall to gain the advantage of an extra hour of daylight in the late afternoon, and the alleged wickedness of such a proceeding is pretty well forgotten.

The idea of cutting grain by

horse power was one of the funniest notions of the Nineteenth century, and I can remember quite well what laughter there was over the notion that a machine could be made to bind a bundle of wheat with a string and tie a knot in the string. Wheat had always been bound with straw bands and string had always been tied by hand, and it was ridiculous to think of other ways.

It is quite possible that some of the dignitaries of the Southern church, who can now see in a proposed change of a calendar which was invented by the Caesars nothing but material for amusement may presently be holding their church picnics in the month of Sol and taking it quite as a matter of course.

W. P. DAVIES.

Saturday May 31

That Reminds Me—W.P.D.

THE EASTGATE FAMILY, three of whose members live at or near Larimore, Harry and Jake on the farm and Alf in town, homesteaded in Nelson county not far from Stump lake. The Fort Totten trail ran past their farm, and the children were familiar with the almost endless procession of wagons drawn by horses or oxen, and of dog teams in the winter, that passed their home. At one time a caravan of about 100 Indian outfits camped near the Eastgate place en route to Fort Totten. Mrs. Eastgate discovered that an Indian baby which was carried in a blanket by its mother was fretful and, taking mother and child into the house, she found that the little one was ill. She insisted that they should remain inside over night, as she felt certain that the exposure of the camp would be fatal to the babe. She unrolled the little one, warmed and fed it, and tucked it into a crib, where it was soon fast asleep. The mother was invited to the family table, but refused, and ate the food given to her sitting on the floor. Presently her husband appeared at the door and demanded that she bring the child and come with him. Mrs. Eastgate objected, and, giving the Indian a supply of food, induced him to permit the others to remain where they were. In the morning the child seemed well, and the mother took it and resumed her journey with the rest of the tribe. A year later an Indian appeared at the Eastgate home with a pair of beautiful headed mocassins which the Indian mother had made and sent for the little Eastgate girl in token of gratitude for shelter, help and sympathy.

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NOTHING MORE WAS HEARD OF THE INDIAN FAMILY FOR years, until Alf Eastgate, then en-

gaged in biological survey work, visited Cannonball. At the station a finely built young Indian approached him and putting out his hand said: "You don't know me." Eastgate confessed that he did not. "Do you remember," said the Indian, one night when a group of Indians camped near your place at Stump lake and your mother took into her house an Indian mother and her little baby boy and cared for them until morning?" Alf said he did remember the incident, though it was a long time ago. "I'm that boy," said the Indian.

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EASTGATE EXPRESSED ASTONISHMENT that information concerning what seemed such a trifling incident should have been passed on to the boy, who was only an infant in arms when it had occurred. The Indian smiled, and then increased the white man's astonishment by recounting incidents of the Eastgate family history in a way which showed that someone had kept close track of the family, its comings and goings, ever since the little act of kindness performed on that night long ago. In the meantime three members of the Eastgate family had died, the father, a son and a daughter. The Indian knew of those deaths, when they had occurred, and where, although one had occurred in New Mexico.

This conversation occurred away in the southwestern part of the state. The Indians of the caravan had belonged to the Devils Lake reservation, but years before they had been transferred to the southwestern reservation and given allotments there in exchange for their rights at Devils Lake. The young Indian had therefore been for a good many years distant the length of the state from the Eastgates, yet he knew all about them. Alf asked how it was possible for such seemingly close contact to be maintained for so many years, and at such a distance. The Indian relapsed into the taciturnity of his people and, shrugging his shoulders, said simply, "My people know such things."

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THIS INDIAN YOUTH HAD been sent to Carlisle, where he had acquitted himself creditably and, returning to his own people, he had shown good results from the training which had been given him. His knowledge of matters with which he could not be suspected of being

acquainted would confirm the belief that has been entertained by many that the Indians had occult means of communication not dependent on any physical forces with which the white man is acquainted. It is reported, and I believe the statement is accepted by historians, that the main facts of the Custer massacre were known to the Indians south of Bismarck days before information reached the city by white messengers. This and other incidents of like nature have been attributed by those who love mystery to some peculiar telepathic method of communication in which the Indians were said to be adept. I believe the explanation accepted by less credulous persons is that the Indians were able to communicate in a manner truly remarkable by means of fires, or other signals visible over great distances, and by means of the beating of drums, which were made to speak a language capable of expressing a great deal in a very little. The episode just related requires no such explanation, of course, but it shows that an act of simple kindness to one of their people had so impressed those primitive people that certain of their number had been commissioned thereafter to keep informed concerning the family that had performed it, presumable with the purpose of returning the kindness if the need and opportunity ever arose.

W. P. DAVIES.